

The Coming Day.

APRIL, 1898.

BELIEF IN GOD, BY DEVILS.

SPOKEN AT CROYDON.

‘Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well: the devils also believe, and tremble.’—James ii. 19.

THERE are not many gleams of satire in the Bible: but this is one of the few that there are: and it is satire that burns and bites and goes to the very quick. The writer is discussing (I might almost say dissecting), the believer who makes a great point of his faith, and he positively mocks him if, with his exaltation of faith, he lacks the solid basis of works. What profit is there in your faith? he asks. Can faith warm you, or feed you, or clothe you? Can faith save you? You believe, you say, but what of that? Nay, you believe in the one God—you are an admirable Unitarian. Excellent, he says, but what of that? The devils are Unitarians; they believe in one God—to their sorrow, for they believe and tremble.

Now, as a matter of fact, we do not make much here of the fundamental doctrine of belief in one God, as a religious essential. If we did, here is a contemptuous rebuke that might well shame and silence us. But we have not laid ourselves open to either rebuke or shame, since the great doctrine of the unity of God is by no means relied upon by us as a saving thing; and faith in that doctrine has no particular religious merit in our eyes. Let us, however, meditate a little on these words, as suggesting the vital truth, that above, beyond and beneath all religious opinions the really in-

fluential moral and spiritual force can be found only in personal character. Extended a little, these words might carry some such general statement as this ;—You believe in one God. It is well ; but you may nevertheless be sordid and selfish, and therefore irreligious. You believe that Jesus was only a good man. It is well ; but you may be entirely unlike him. Or you believe he was God. That may be true ; but you may be utterly disobedient to him. You may believe in the confessional here and in purgatory hereafter, and bow before the crucifix or an image of the Blessed Virgin, and yet be a Neapolitan brigand or Parisian thief. You may believe in eternal punishments, or in the blessed Trinity, or in the atoning blood of Christ, and yet be an unjust judge, a fraudulent trustee, a dishonest servant, a grinding master, an implacable enemy or a treacherous friend. As John Wesley once said ; 'A string of opinions is no more Christian faith than a string of beads is Christian holiness.'

Unquestionably, then, we must look elsewhere than to opinion for the deepest and most vital influence upon life and character. At the same time it is unquestionable that opinion is an influence upon life and character,—but only one of many influences. It cannot be indifferent whether a man believes in the Jehovah of the Books of Joshua and Judges or in the Father of the Gospels according to Luke and John. The inquisition, with its fire for heretics on earth, undoubtedly grew out of the belief that God burnt heretics in hell. So that opinions are influential in moulding the character and directing the life. Only we may easily over-estimate their dominant or guiding power.

Many hold the opinion that, if Atheism were to prevail, the result would be a world of selfish animals or malignant demons. But that all depends upon the standard of human development reached by the Atheists. At a certain stage of that development even gross idolatry is a safeguard against utter brutality. Later on, as Burns has it,—

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haul the wretch in order.

Later on, or on another side of the same path, the priest, with his confessional and his sacrament as a channel of heavenly grace, is a restraining influence, just as the curious thing called 'loyalty' may be;—good for those who need to be held by ceremonial and show and the tinsel of things. The same may be said of adoration of the Bible; the taking of oaths; a State religion of respectable episcopacy, or vulgar revivalism. All are useful at certain stages of development. But, given a race of men on a plane of existence sufficiently high, and we can perfectly well conceive of a world of exquisite order and harmony without belief in God.

The devils (if there are any), says the apostle, believe in God; but they are none the less demoniacal. They believe and tremble, he says; and, with equal truth, perhaps with more truth, it might be said—they believe and grin. But, on the other hand, if they were not demons, but high-toned men,—say men like John Stuart Mill, or some in humbler life, who, though Atheists, are the flower of truth and the soul of honour,—they might still not believe in God, and yet live to bless the world on which they dwelt.

As fast, then, as what we call character is formed, a dominating creative inner force is formed which in time becomes supreme;—supreme even over its creators, viz., outward circumstances. Hence, at a certain stage of personal development, the comparative powerlessness of opinions (as we saw just now). The truth is that the inner self, of formed character, for good or evil, is, to doctrines and maxims and examples, what the body is to food. The healthy body can thrive on many kinds of food: so can the healthy soul. A diseased body can actually convert all kinds of good food into evil tissue: so can a corrupt soul. What burning satire as well as holy indignation is to be found in that hot blast of denunciation against the 'scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites'! And remember 'twas the gentle Jesus from whose lips it came,—'Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that

which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! for ye are like unto whitened sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.'

The application of that to people who are not 'hypocrites,' but who garnish a frivolous or selfish or unclean self with pious opinions and sound doctrine is obvious. In a mild way, it is the belief of demons over again, showing that the great thing needed is the cleansing of the inner self.

Wonderful is it to observe on what opinions of God and man glorious saints have been grown. Take the two extremes of Scotch Calvinism and Continental Catholicism. Both of these have nurtured and bred men and women who will stand nearest to Jesus as his brothers and sisters in the Kingdom of Heaven. So has it been with many of our great artists, astronomers, engineers, chemists :—not orthodox college-trained men,—these great pioneers. What poor instruments and tools these had, for the most part ! So in the high latitudes of the saints. In the one, genius and zeal ; in the other, character and love, made all the difference.

As to our opinions, then ; they may be useful, but they are manifestly secondary. Matthew Arnold has quaintly put the truth, in his view of our process of world-building—he thinks it is only like putting a word-puzzle together, and no one has ever found out much of it,—a syllable here and a something there is seen, but the great secret has never yet been read. He says ;—

Before man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood,
God put a heap of letters in his hand,
And bade him make with them what word he would.
And man has turn'd them many times ; made Greece,
Rome, England, France ;—yes, nor in vain essay'd
Way after way, changes that never cease !
The letters have combined ; something was made.
But ah, an inextinguishable sense
Haunts him that he has not made what he should !
That he has still, though old, to recommence,
Since he has not yet found the word God would.

And empire after empire, at their height
 Of sway, have felt this boding sense come on,
 Have felt their huge frames not constructed right,
 And droop'd, and slowly died upon their throne.

One day, thou say'st there will at last appear
 The word, the order, which God meant should be,
 Ah, we shall know that well when it comes near !
 The band will quit man's heart ; he will breathe free.

Another and quainter poet has told it in the form of a story of a child who, when told that God loved beautiful things, and also that he should try to please God, put this and that together, and was found, sweet innocent ! setting out its little Noah's-ark animals in the sunshine, in the eye of Heaven : for God to see, he said. A childish way of pleasing God, and conducting service, we say ;—but what if, contrasted with the majesty and mystery and glory of God, all our cathedral processionings, and parade of priests, and settings forth of vestments, and the floating music of rituals, and the bowing at the name of Jesus, and the reciting of creeds, aye and the grand explanations of a Channing or a Martineau, and all that men have ever done or said to express or explain or adore the infinite,—what if compared with that infinitude, all this is as inadequate as the child's setting out of its pretty animals in the sunshine for the dear God to see ! Seen from our earth, the great suns and planets are perfectly round, and yet we have every reason to believe that huge mountains in some or mighty fountains of fire-mist in others surround them. But, in the distance, mole-hills and mountains, a bubble and thousands of miles of fire-mist, are pretty much the same. So, to the infinite One, not because of His distance, but because of His vastness, there may be no particular difference between the grandest ritual in the sublimest cathedral and the setting out of the child's Noah's-ark animals in the sun.

Socrates perhaps soared highest, when, addressing the judges who condemned him to death, he said : 'What infinite delight there would be in conversing with the heroic spirits, and asking them questions ? For in that world they do not put a man to death for this ; certainly not. For besides being happier in that world than this, they

will be immortal, if what is said is true. Wherefore, O ye judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this as the truth—that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me, and, therefore, the oracle gave me no sign; for which reason I am not angry with my accusers. They have done me no harm, though neither of them meant to do me any good, and for this I may gently blame them. . . . The hour of departure has arrived. I to die and you to live; which is better, God only knows.' If a man can say that, what matters his creed! He will never believe anything and tremble: he could believe anything and rejoice.

And yet, let me not end without repeating that there is virtue in a noble faith, because such a faith gives light, energy, hopefulness, and guidance. That fine spirit, judge Talfourd, said justly of our faith;

We can conceive of no belief so fitted to the offices of a poet as the Christian faith in the free goodness of God and the universal brotherhood of man. He who rejoices in these glorious truths does not confound the glory of religion with the mysteries which it has not yet penetrated. He looks not upon the grandeur of antiquity with scorn, in the absurd belief that all virtue has been confined to a few, and that the heroes, sages, and patriots of old times were but masses of living corruption. He regards not men as divided from each other by invisible marks of eternal life or death, joy or anguish. He perceives the soul of goodness in things evil. He delights to discover the nestling places and retired holds of virtue in the soul; to trace out in the most erring those lineaments of the Divine image which can never totally be defaced. He remembers not his own childhood as the season when he was under the wrath and curse of God, but as the time when heaven lay near him; as the sacred beginning of an immortal life; as the blessed space when glorious dreams and goodly visions, which hereafter shall appear assured realities, encircled his untainted soul.

He listens delighted to the first notes of that universal harmony which shall hereafter burst on his ear in full chorus. To him the burthen of the mystery of all this unimaginable world is lightened by a deep insight into all the sources of joy, and a lively sense of that eternal state in which the shadowings of evil shall be dispersed for ever. He feels that his genius is a thing immortal as himself, and anticipates its progress, not amidst scenes where agony and sin hold for ever a divided empire with blessedness and peace, but in the sweet

and unclouded light of Divine love, gradually extending its beams over scenes long overcast with dark shadows, and revealing new and immortal trophies of those conquests which good shall not cease to achieve until it shall attain its final victory.

With perfect confidence, may we not appeal to God's witness in the human soul, and ask whether this is not true ?

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

[Colonel Ingersoll's indictment of the Church was, as we have seen, followed by a eulogy of the world. It is, of course, somewhat one-sided and a little exaggerated: but the enormous one-sidedness and exaggeration of priestly pretensions naturally provoke extremes the other way. Every one will be able to allow the necessary discount. Anyhow, this eulogy of 'the worldly' (a rather unfortunate word) is brilliant in the extreme, and has plenty of truth in it. Here is the conclusion.]

What have the worldly done ?

They have investigated the facts of nature. They have invented ways to use the forces of the world, the weight of falling water, the forces of moving air. They have changed water to steam; they have invented engines—the tireless giants that work for man. They have made lightning a messenger and slave. They have invented movable type; taught us the art of printing; made it possible to save and transmit the intellectual wealth of the world. They connected continents with cables, cities and towns with the telegraph; they have brought the world into one family; they have made intelligence independent of distance. They taught us how to build homes, how to obtain food, how to weave cloth. They covered the seas with iron ships, the land with roads and steeds of steel. They gave us the tools of all trades—the implements of all labor. They chiseled statues, painted pictures and 'witched the world' with form and color. They have found the cause of and the cure for many maladies that afflict the flesh and minds of men. They have given us the instruments of music, and the great composers and performers have changed the common air to tones and harmonies that intoxicate, exalt, purify and refine the soul.

They have rescued us from the prisons of fear ; they have snatched our souls from the fangs and claws of superstition's loathsome, crawling, flying beasts. They have given us the liberty to think, the courage to express our thoughts. They have changed the frightened, the enslaved, the kneeling, the prostrate into men and women—clothed them in their right minds and made them truly free. They have uncrowned the phantoms, wrested the scepters from the ghosts and given this world to the children of men. They have driven from our hearts the fiends of fear ; they have extinguished the flames of hell.

They have read a few leaves of the great volume of Nature, deciphered some of the records written on stone by the tireless hands of time in the dim and distant past. They have told us something of what has been done by wind and wave, by fire and frost, by life and death, the ceaseless workers, the pauseless forces of the world.

They have enlarged the horizon of the known, changed the glittering specks that shine above us to wheeling worlds, and filled all space with constellations and countless suns.

They have found the qualities of substances, the nature of things. They have shown us how to analyse, separate and combine, and have enabled us to use the good and avoid the hurtful.

They have given us mathematics in its higher forms, by means of which we measure astronomical spaces, the distances to stars, the velocity with which the heavenly bodies move, their density and weight, by which the mariner navigates wide and waste seas. They have given us all we have of knowledge, all we have of literature and art. They have made life worth living. They have filled the world with conveniences, with comforts, with luxuries.

And all this has been done by the worldly, by those who were not 'called,' not 'set apart,' not filled with the Holy Ghost, who had no claim to 'apostolic succession.' The men who have accomplished these things had no revelation, no supernatural aid. They were not clad in sacred vestments : tiaras were not upon their heads. They

were not even ordained. They used their senses ; they observed and recorded facts. They had confidence in reason. They were patient searchers after the truth. They turned their attention to the affairs of this world. They were not saints ; they were sensible. They were not holy ; they were honest. They worked for themselves ; they worked for wife and child and for the benefit of all.

To these men we are indebted for all we know, for all we have. They were the creators of civilisation ; they were the founders of free states ; the saviors of liberty, the destroyers of superstition, the great captains in the sublime army of progress.

Whom shall we thank ? Let us be honest ; let us be generous.

Standing here at the close of the 19th century, amid the trophies of thought, the triumphs of genius, here under the flag of the Great Republic, knowing something of the history of man, here on this day that has been set apart for thanksgiving, here to-night I most reverently thank the good men, the good women of the past. I thank the kind fathers, the loving mothers of the savage days. I thank the father who spoke the first gentle word. I thank the first mother that smiled upon her babe, that clasped it to her breast and wept for joy. I thank the first true man. I thank the first true friend. I thank the first man who would not tell a lie. I thank the savages who hunted and fished that they and their wives and babes might live. I thank those who cultivated the ground ; those who changed the forests into farms. I thank those who built rude homes and watched the faces of their happy children in the glow of fireside flames.

I thank those who domesticated horses, cattle and sheep ; those who invented wheels and looms, and taught us to spin and weave ; those who by cultivation changed wild grasses into corn and wheat, changed bitter things to sweet, and worthless weeds to flowers ; that sowed within the heart of man the seeds of art. I thank the poets of the dawn, the tellers of legends, the makers of myths, the singers of joy and grief, of love and hope. I thank the artists who chiseled forms in stone, and

wrought with light and shade the face of man. I thank the philosophers, the thinkers, who taught us how to use our minds in the great search for truth. I thank the astronomers who explored the heavens and told us the secrets of the stars, the glories of the constellations. I thank the geologists who found the story of the world in fossil forms, in memoranda kept in ancient rocks, in lines written by frost and fire, by wave and wind. I thank the anatomist who sought in muscle, nerve and bone for all the mysteries of life. I thank the chemists who unraveled Nature's work that they might learn her art. I thank the physicians who have laid the hand of science on the brow of pain, the hand whose magic touch restores. I thank the surgeons who have defeated Nature's self and forced her to preserve the lives of those she labored to destroy. I thank the discoverers of chloroform and ether, the two angels who give to their beloved sleep, and wrap the throbbing nerves of pain in the soft robes of dreams.

I thank the great inventors, those who gave us movable type and the press, by means of which great thoughts and all discovered facts are made immortal. I thank the inventors of engines, of the great ships, of the railways, of the telegraphs and cables. I thank the great mechanics, the workers in iron and steel, in wood and stone. I thank the inventors, I thank the makers of numberless things of luxury and use.

I thank the industrious men. I say to-night, the inventor of pins did a thousand times more good than all the popes and cardinals, and bishops and priests, than all the clergymen, apostles, exhorters and theologians that ever lived on the round earth.

I say to-night that the inventor of matches did more for the comfort and convenience of mankind than all the founders of religions, than all the makers of all creeds, than all malicious monks and selfish saints that ever lived.

I thank the honest men, I thank the honest women, who have expressed their sincere thoughts, who have been true to themselves and who have preserved the stainless veracity of their souls.

I thank the thinkers. I thank the thinkers of Greece and Rome. I thank Zeno and Epicurus;

I thank Cicero and Lucretius. I thank Bruno, the bravest ; I thank Spinoza, the subtlest of men.

I thank Voltaire whose thought lighted a flame in the brain of man, unlocked the doors of superstition's cells and gave liberty to many millions of his fellow-men :—Voltaire, a name that sheds light :—Voltaire, a star that superstition's darkness can never quench.

I thank the great poets and dramatists. I thank Homer and Eschylus, and I thank Shakespeare above them all. I thank Burns for the heart-throbs he changed into songs ; I thank him for his lyrics of flame. I thank Shelley for his Skylark ; Keats for his Grecian Urn. I thank Byron for his Prisoner of Chillon. I thank the great novelists. I thank the great sculptors. I thank the unknown man who moulded and chiseled the Venus de Milo. I thank the great painters. I thank Rembrandt and Corot. I thank all who have adorned, enriched and ennobled life, all who have created the heroic and the artistic ideals.

I thank the statesmen who have preserved the rights of man. I thank Paine, whose genius sowed the seeds of independence in the hearts of '76. I thank Jefferson, whose mighty words for liberty have made the circuit of the globe. I thank the founders, the defenders, the saviors of the Republic. I thank Ericsson, the greatest mechanic of his century, for the Monitor. I thank Lincoln for the Proclamation. I thank Grant for his victories, and the vast host that fought for the right, for the freedom of man. I thank them all ; I thank the living and the dead.

I thank the great scientists, those who have reached the foundation, the bed rock. I thank those who have built upon facts, the great scientists, in whose presence theologians look silly and seem malicious.

Let me say to-night, scientists never persecuted, never imprisoned their fellow-men. They forged no chains, built no dungeons, tore no flesh with red hot pincers, dislocated no joints on racks, crushed no bones in iron boots, extinguished no eyes, tore out no tongues, lighted no faggots. They did not pretend to be inspired ; did not claim to be prophets or saints ; did not say they had been born again. They were intelligent. They did not

appeal to force or fear. They did not regard men as slaves to be ruled by torture, by lash and chain, nor as children to be cheated with illusions, rocked in the cradle of an idiot creed and soothed by a lullaby of lies.

They did not wound ; they healed. They did not kill ; they lengthened life. They did not enslave ; they broke the chains and made men free. They sowed the seeds of knowledge, and many millions have reaped, are reaping, and will reap the great harvest of joy.

I thank Humboldt and Helmholtz. I thank Haeckel and Buchner. I thank Lamarck and Darwin—Darwin who revolutionised the thought of the intellectual world. I thank Huxley. I thank Spencer. I thank the scientists, one and all.

I thank to-night the heroes, the destroyers of prejudice and fear ; the dethroners of savage gods ; the extinguishers of hate's eternal fire. I thank the heroes, the breakers of chains ; the founders of free states ; the makers of just laws. I thank the heroes who fought and fell on countless fields ; the heroes whose dungeons became shrines ; the heroes whose blood made scaffolds sacred. I thank the heroes, the apostles of reason, the disciples of truth, the soldiers of freedom. I thank the heroes who held high the holy torch and filled the world with light. With all my heart I thank them one and all.

LED HOME BY A CHILD.

It was autumn, and, as I entered a glorious forest, I beheld all nature clothed in garments of beauty, the leaves of the trees were dressed in crimson and gold, the sun shedding its radiance over all. I noticed an old man walking in a narrow path ; his clothes were old ; his tangled locks of hair fell down over his coat ; his beard, which was of snowy whiteness, reached to his waist, and, sorrow to behold ! he had a pack of heavy sticks on his back.

He was almost weighed to the ground, and I wondered why he did not stop to rest, as there were many beautiful resting-places along the way.

But the old man kept on in the narrow path, with his eyes fixed on some distant spot, with such a dreamy, far away look.

Presently I noticed his strength seemed to be giving away, and I thought—Will he stop to rest now, or will he keep on until he falls by the way-side? I longed to relieve him, but no, I could not approach him, many barriers were between us; I could not reach him.

But while I was longing to aid him, at the very moment I longed most, I noticed a little child, with eyes which looked as though they were made of the blue of heaven's sky, appear upon the scene. He walked along until he had nearly reached the old man, and I saw he came from another direction from which the old man came, but from whence I could not say.

He called, 'Grandpa, oh! grandpa, wait a minute for little Golden Hair; he wants to talk to you.'

The old man started and trembled, but did not stop walking;—just kept in his narrow path.

'Grandpa, do stop,' the child called again; but the old man kept on, and I became so anxious for him to wait! He was becoming weaker every moment, and I thought it would be such a pity if he would not listen to the little fellow.

But again my thoughts were interrupted, for Golden Hair called once more, 'Grandpa, grandpa, you must wait,' and then the old man sank down on the ground with his burden, but never loosed the strings which held it fast to his back.

'Grandpa!' The child was close to the old man now, and put his little hands on the old man's wrinkled ones, and said; 'Grandpa, do you want to find a broad path, where there are not so many stones to hurt your feet? I can show you a way, and it leads to home so much quicker. Do you want to know where it is?'

'Who are you, child? My little grandchild has been dead many a year. Where did you come from? and why do you call me grandpa?'

'Oh! I am your grandchild; and, grandpa, do listen! If you will only take the sticks off your back you will get on so much faster! You have carried your burden so long! Do take them

off, and I will show you the broad path, where there are not so many stones to hurt your poor feet.'

'Child, I do not understand you. These sticks are my living, and I have carried many home every evening all my life, and walked the stony path for many years. Why should I change now? I guess I can reach home this way.'

'But, grandpa, your strength is almost gone. The sticks are too heavy and the path too rough. Do come with me.'

Now I noticed the man was covered with a shining light, which made the tangled locks, the old, tattered garments and the sticks look so different from the way they looked before Golden Hair had touched him. And I noticed these words written on the sticks: 'Old Creeds,' 'Bigotry,' 'Prejudice,' 'Darkness,' 'Superstition,' 'Deceit,' 'Dishonesty,' and 'Malice.' And I thought,—Is it possible that one human being is trying to carry such a load?

But the conversation went on in this way: 'Grandpa, you have carried this burden long enough. Some of the sticks were put in the pile and you did not know it, others you put in yourself, and others were picked up along life's journey. I am sent to pull them off one by one; I am too little to do it all at once.'

Then I noticed the beautiful little Golden Hair pull away the strings, and then the sticks which seemed to be fastened so tight, until all were off; and then the old man jumped up, looking so relieved to be rid of his awful burden.

Now, I noticed the child took him by the hand and led him away from the rough road until they reached the beautiful wide path the child had told him about. I saw the old man's face looking brighter, and I caught a few more words.

The old man suddenly looked down at the little boy and said, 'Why, Golden Hair, you look something like my little grandchild, after all, only so much more beautiful. Can you tell me why, my wise little friend?'

'Oh yes, grandpa, I am your spirit grandchild, sent to take you home; you will reach your

journey's end before the night shadows fall on this beautiful forest. You are nearly home.'

The old man's face was transfigured ; he looked before him, and behold, he saw a shining host come to greet him and his little guide. The shadows have fallen ; night has come ; Grandpa had gone home, led by a little child.

LULU BUCKLER.

THE PROGRESSIVE VICTORY IN LONDON.

A VERITABLE sign of the times is that victory of 'The Progressives,' in London. What does it mean ? The honest truth—perhaps the sad truth—is that, all over the country, we are divided into two camps ;—the people who back up vested interests, big pots, gilt gingerbread, monopolies and money-bags, and the people who back up the strugglers, the dependent and the comparatively helpless. It is absurd to say that all the good people are in the one camp and all the bad in the other. That is poisonous nonsense from whichever side it comes. But it is perfectly true to say that, in the one camp, there is an anti-people's bias of varying degrees, and, in the other camp, a helper of the people's bias of varying strengths. There is no doubt about it. It is not necessary to specify particular questions or particular votes. We simply know that the strong bias of the Progressives is in favour of the people in general as against those who patronise them or sit on them. From this it follows that every wage earner and every shopkeeper, ay, every professional man and every clerk, ought steadily to vote Progressive ;—and would, if they all knew what was good for them. This is the lesson that is being slowly learnt.

The cant about 'Socialism' deceives no one who pays attention to what is going on. If it is Socialism to pay out monopolists and break down vested interests, and to put the people in possession of the great necessities of life, we shall have to be Socialists, especially after the brilliant experiences of such great communities as Glasgow, Birmingham and Leicester. Nothing but good has come

of bringing such urgent necessities as water, gas, trams and electric power under the control of the community, and keeping clear of contractors—and their friends.

The assertion that all this means fresh burdens upon the ratepayers was largely disseminated in London, for home consumption by the ignorant: but it failed,—thanks to good and enterprising teaching. The great necessities are always great sources of profit, and a man must be either a goose or a knave who fails to see or who hides that fact. The people, therefore, stand to gain in every way by taking possession of all the great necessities of life.

The people, fortunately, have grasped these facts. Hence the 'Progressive' victory in London. And then, beyond all this, lies the ideal of a great united London. The Conservatives and poor Mr. Chamberlain made a strong effort to break up London into ten glorified vestries, with the promise of a badge and a gold chain apiece, and the prospect of endless inequalities and quarrels. That happily is only a bad dream now.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.*

DR. PAUL CARUS is perfectly at home as a kindly and philosophical critic of the Christian critics; and he is equally at home as a genial and philosophical student of Buddhism. In a word, he is delightfully impartial, being neither a Christian nor a Buddhist, but simply a very earnest student, with but few prejudices, and not much bias. We might almost go so far as to say that, while Dr. Carus is a good deal of an agnostic, he is a thinker who strives to get behind the scenes, and who, in relation to all religious specialties, may shew us how to find the common ground or golden mean.

This book, though philosophical, gives, by the way, a good deal of information, and is simple and easily read. The enlightened Buddhist would be

* 'Buddhism and Its Christian Critics.' By Dr. Paul Carus. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

helped by it, and there is not a sectarian Christian on the planet who might not be broadened or softened by it. It is a reconciling book.

The following passages give a useful idea of its spirit and aims;—

Mankind does not want Buddhism, nor Islam, nor Christianity; mankind wants the truth, and the truth is best brought out by an impartial comparison. There is probably no human mind free from error, but he who 'proves all and keeps the best' is most likely to attain to perfection.

Missionaries are religious ambassadors. Their duty consists not only in the propagation of their own religion, but also in the acquisition of a perfect comprehension of the religion of those people to whom they are sent, and Christians can justly pride themselves on the fact that all their great missionaries, such men as Duff, Judson, Hardy, Beal, Legge, and others, every one in his field, did an enormous amount of work which served to widen our own knowledge of the religious views that prevail in India, Ceylon, Burmah, and China. Indeed, had it not been for their labours, comparative religion would have made little advance. And I would not hesitate to say that the most successful part of their work consisted, not in making a few converts abroad, but in widening the horizon of the people who had sent them. Such is the advantage of an exchange of thought on the most important questions of life, that it would be a blessing all around if the non-Christian religions also decided, on a larger scale, to send missionaries to Europe and America in order to have among Christians their faith worthily represented, to facilitate comparison and invite investigation.

Mankind is destined to have one religion, as it will have one moral idea and one universal language, and the decision as to which religion will at last be universally accepted, cannot come about by accident. Science will spread, maybe, slowly but unfailingly, and the universal acceptance of a scientific world-conception bodes the dawn of the Religion of Truth,—a religion based upon plain statements of fact unalloyed with myth or allegory. In the eventual conditions of religious life, there may be a difference of rituals and symbols, nay, even of names, according to taste, historical tradition and individual preference, but in all essentials there will be one religion only, for there is only one truth, which remains one and the same among all nations, in all climes, and under all conditions.

The law of the survival of the fittest holds good also in the domain of spiritual institutions. And let us remember that the greatest power lies not in numbers, not in wealth, not in political influence, but in truth. Whatever may be the fate of the various faiths of the world, we may be sure that the truth will prevail in the end.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

The Christian World is hardening the now prevalent hazy and shifting notions of the 'divinity' of Christ. It now appears that it will suffice if we say that Christ possessed a unique completeness of humanity and a transcendent divine consciousness. By all means: but we never denied that. Indeed, we always affirmed it.

All *The Christian World* seems to stipulate for is that we should not say that God was no more to him than He is to us. That is vague, but we do not care to dispute about it. The vital matter is that everything *The Christian World* says keeps Christ on our side as human, and also on our side as divine. But, after all, this is very old. The apostle Peter claimed for Christ's brethren that they were 'partakers of the divine nature,'—a perfectly clear and conclusive statement, sweeping entirely away the very unbiblical and unchristian attempt to make 'divinity' exclusively Christ's.

The Christian World says that the fulness of the divine consciousness in Christ gives him, for us, 'the religious value of God.' A queer phrase: but again we do not care to dispute it. That could only be for edification and symbol, and still keeps this supreme man as intrinsically our kinsman, both as human and divine. As with the divinity of Christ, so with the incarnation. Both refer to God in His universal relations with the human race, and not with Christ alone. That is the coming ground of reconciliation. Nay, but it is here.

TO TEACHERS.

UNLESS we trust in the Divine forces that work unceasingly everywhere, we shall drift down to mere formality or despair. Nothing can save us. The one saving thought is that God is 'the inmost uplifting life of all things,' and that from this nothing is excluded—absolutely nothing. He will transmute, emancipate, save every one and every thing. The lowest spirit in the outermost darkness is on pilgrimage. At a given stage, the process

will be known, chosen and loved: but, until then, it will go on all the same, but by sheer law and strong compulsion.

Let us renew our strength, then, at this perennial source of good, and let all our enterprises shine with the light of our glowing faith and the ardour of our increasing love. Do any of us feel that ours is but a barren life that seems to promise no harvest of spiritual good? O then let us do the earlier work—different and profitless though it may seem. If we cannot put in the precious seed and see it sink into good and willing soil, then let us be content to wait for that, and address ourselves to clearing away the weeds of worldly care, and the stones of hard indifference. He will wait long for his harvests who sows the good seed too soon. Through long months no answer comes to the patient husbandman. He must break up the stubborn soil and be content with dead and thankless offices before the fields can smile upon his generous toil. Stone after stone must be cleared away,—rank weed and stubborn brier. So must we toil, breaking down first that dead indifference, then let the sunlight in, and still work on till our indifferent fields drink in the dews of heaven, and warm to the appealing sun. Then may we rejoice in our more beautiful employ, and up and down those dead old furrows will appear the thin green streaks, then the blade, and then the ear—then (but not, perhaps, to bless our rejoicing eyes), the full corn in the ear.

A QUESTION.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us to explain the verse (John xvii. 5), 'And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was.'

It must be borne in mind that the Gospel according to John is a purely metaphysical or philosophical work. It is essentially unlike the other Gospels, and is partial to speeches, subtile

inferences and prayers. In brief,—it is a literary composition, much being put into the mouth of Jesus which, manifestly, could not have been reported. It is a Gospel with a purpose.

On the other hand, it is the Gospel which, *par excellence*, presents Jesus as God's inferior, His servant and His son. In this very verse, we have the most distinct barring out of the deity of Jesus. It is a prayer to God, and it refers to something he had 'with Him.' The Deity is there placed in entire and absolute separateness.

It is a purely philosophical notion, that *all* things are involved in God from the beginning. In the Book of the Revelation, we find a reference to the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. In what sense was Jesus 'slain from the foundation of the world'? Obviously only as something involved in the eternal order, or, let us say, in the divine will. Clearly, then, in that sense he had glory with God before the foundation of the world. So that this prayer amounts to the appeal, 'Give me that which, from the beginning, was destined to be mine!' This Peter suggests in saying of him; 'Who verily was *fore-ordained* before the foundation of the world, but was *manifest* in these last times for you who by him do believe in God.'

From the foundation of the world, then, all was 'fore-ordained,' the 'glory' included: but it was 'manifest,' *i.e.*, it came into the sphere of occurrence, 'in these last times.'

But not only was Jesus destined from the beginning—we also had our part and lot in the matter from the foundation of the world. Paul distinctly says;—'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world.'

THE PLACE OF IMMORTALITY IN RELIGIOUS BELIEF.*

THERE is just the suspicion of oddity in the title of this calm and thoughtful little book. The question might naturally be asked ;—And what place can Immortality have but the first? True, belief in God may compete with it for the first place; but, with Immortality gone, the belief in God would soon follow; while, on the other hand, belief in Immortality might easily survive even with Atheism. Immortality is readily conceivable. We are accustomed to the fact of personal existence, and we do not at all pass beyond the limits of experience or imagination when we give in to the belief in Immortality. We have lived, we do live, we expect still to live: and we only want a little scientific lift over the stile in order to enable us to prospectively realise life beyond the need of this present ‘muddy vesture of decay.’

But belief in God is in an entirely different category. We know nothing about Him as a person, except that His personality must be utterly unlike our own: and we have no faculties for enabling us even to begin to imagine what such a Being as He is supposed to be really is. It is even perfectly conceivable that in another world, or in another state of being, we should still be as far off from understanding or imagining Him as ever. Mr. Carpenter proceeds cautiously, but, in the end, he seems to get his feet on the rock. He finds some help in the doctrine, or, rather, in the fact of evolution, in the law of the conservation of energy, in an extremely timid reference to the free action of the human spirit here and hereafter, and in the fact that the hypothesis of Immortality ‘perpetually indicates itself by the harmony which it establishes amid the jarring and the dissonant cries arising out of the tumult of the world.’ But, if we mistake not, his chief reliance is upon the sympathy, the order and the purposes of God,—a ground of trust to which we have already alluded.

Of course, the book is eminently worth at-

* The Place of Immortality in religious belief. A discourse by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. London: Philip Green.

tention. It is small,—only the amplification of a Discourse—but it is, in the best sense, enlightening. If it is not fervent and confident at every stage, that is only so because the writer probably had a purpose in his careful self-restraint.

RENNAN'S 'ANTICHRIST.'*

'ANTICHRIST' is, of course, Nero, as the vigorous trumpet-blast of Renan's opening words makes manifest :—

The period covered by the present volume is, after the three or four years of the public life of Jesus, the most extraordinary in the entire development of Christianity. Here, by a singular touch of the great unconscious Artist who appears to rule in the seeming caprice of historic evolution, we shall see Jesus and Nero—Christ and Antichrist—set, as it were, in contrast, face to face, like heaven and hell.

A fitting introduction this, to the exciting drama brought, with such large resources of passion and pathos, upon the stage, by the great master.

What a theme it would have been for Wagner! On a colossal scale, worthy of the subject, it might have been—it may yet be—the grandest work of art, the sublimest teaching, the world has ever known.

We are strongly inclined to think that this is Renan's greatest work, certainly as a massive bit of world-history: with less of mere imagination and sentiment in it, and more of solid knowledge, than the better known 'Life of Jesus' and 'The Apostles,' for instance.

As here produced, the work is one of very great merit. The editing and translation have fortunately been in the hands of a free scholar, thoroughly at home in Renan's independent paths and by-paths, and a master in this field, in his own right. The translation reads like an original—fresh, vivid and flowing; and nothing could be better than the printer's handsome page and bold type. In every respect, a thoroughly readable and arresting book.

*Antichrist: including the period from the arrival of Paul in Rome to the end of the Jewish revolution. By Ernest Renan. Translated and edited by Joseph Henry Allen, late Lecturer on Ecclesiastical History in Harvard University. Boston (U.S.): Roberts Brothers.

AN IMPERIAL PROBLEM, AND AN OBJECT LESSON.

Not only the Government, but the House of Commons, is in a very considerable difficulty respecting the establishment of an Irish University that shall be acceptable to Catholics. How to give Ireland its University rights, is the problem. How to avoid violating the religious neutrality of Parliament is the difficulty. Perhaps, when the subject turns up again, as it must, most people will have made the discovery that the problem and the difficulty both throw great light on the very much alive question of Home Rule.

The hole into which the House of Commons has slipped, and into which it must go on slipping, is one of its own digging ; and is, indeed, a cherished one in its own preserves. There is a way of escape, as simple as it is sensible. Let Parliament recognise that what it cannot do as an imperial matter it can delegate ; by giving to localities permissive powers. This it did when it passed the Education Bill for Scotland, giving to School Boards permissive powers to teach the Theology of Calvin in their schools. Under these powers, that Theology is taught in the Board Schools all over Scotland : and yet it is admitted that Parliament would have perilously exceeded its powers if it had ordered that to be done which it empowered to be done, and which, as a matter of fact, is done.

The establishment of a Catholic University in Ireland is not quite the same thing, but it is practically, in principle, the same thing. A politician who might find the greatest possible difficulty in voting for setting up such a University, as an Imperial act, might be perfectly willing, on certain lines, to turn over the subject to the people concerned, for settlement by Irishmen in Ireland, just as the question of teaching Calvinism all over Scotland in the Board Schools was turned over to the people of Scotland, to settle for themselves.

But the minority in Ireland ? Well, and what of the minority in Scotland ? Very large numbers of Catholics in Glasgow pay school

rates and are practically excluded from the schools, but no one asks for a similar injustice in Ireland. No one would think of hitting the Irish Orange-man as we hit the Scotch Catholic. But if we have established School Board Home Rule in Scotland, why not recognise University Home Rule in Ireland? '

THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

THE Rev. Sir J. E. Philipps, Bart., Prebendary of Salisbury, lately preached a sermon in which this paragraph occurred respecting Christ ;—

Men agree in acknowledging that in His human nature reached a standard of moral purity and of disinterested unselfishness and of tender love and compassion which was never reached before ; that He was the sublimest specimen of man's family—one in whom all the highest qualities of man—courage, meekness, humility, charity, self-denial—shone forth pre-eminently ; that He was the Man among men. But there some stop. Their admiration of Jesus stops short of their acknowledging His Deity. They do not see in Him the manifestation of God—God manifest in the flesh ; God incarnate—the eternal, only-begotten Son of the Father.

And yet if Jesus was nothing more than man, if He was merely the Man of men, His claims were simply shocking, His assertions revolting—a good man could not have uttered them (I wonder that Socinians and Unitarians do not see this); such utterances I mean as 'I and the Father are One. He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.'

Referring to this, the following letter was sent to the preacher ;—

South Norwood Hill,
24th Feb., 1898.

DEAR SIR,

In a Discourse lately given by you, you say that if Jesus was not God, his assertions were revolting and his claims shocking ; and you instance two assertions or claims ; 'I and the Father are one' ; and 'he that hath seen me hath seen the Father.'

Is it possible that you really wish to read these statements literally ? If so, then the doctrine of the Trinity goes all to pieces ; for that doctrine distinguishes between the persons of the Father and the Son. Surely it was not God the Father that the inhabitants of Jerusalem saw ! And yet that is the statement, if you take it literally.

The only escape from this fatal 'confounding of the persons' is the recognition of the fact that Jesus claimed to be—or that the writer of the Gospel claimed for him that he was—the representative or messenger of the Father. And this is perfectly borne out by the fact that at the most critical and

solemn moment of his life, just before his departure, he absolutely identified himself with his brethren and disciples by saying, 'I go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.'

You express wonder that Unitarians do not see how shocking and revolting are Christ's utterances if he was not God: but I feel sure that all intelligent and spiritual Unitarians will be astonished at the confusion of thought which I have ventured to point out.

The contexts fully shew the great teacher's meaning. He and his Father were one in the mighty work of which he was speaking; and he stood there for the Father as one who heard His word and did His will. In fact, these statements were not great claims; they were the reverse; they were the expressions of utter devotion and self-surrender to God, his Father and ours, even as he said, 'I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father who sent me.' 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work.' In fact that was the one profession of his self-surrendering life;—'I am nothing; God is all': and, because he felt this, and knew that he thought and spoke and acted for God, he said what he did.

It must be admitted that things are occasionally said of him in the Gospels which somewhat exaggerate and even distort his own plain and simple profession, but we must remember that the Gospels have not the matter-of-fact characteristics of modern reporting.

I am moved to write this, not because I have now any particularly strong wish to speak for Unitarians, but simply as a seeker after truth in the open. My special interest now centres in 'Our Father's Church,' to which no one so surely as Jesus has shewn me the way.

Yours respectfully,

J. PAGE HOPPS.

P.S.—A few hours after writing this, I happened to be reading a volume by the Vicar of Yardley Wood, Birmingham, in which I found the following passage, as a comment on John x. 30-8;—'If you read the whole passage, you will see how He places Himself in the number of those who are "Sons of God," by receiving their life from the Father. The evidence of His Sonship is His sanctification, in the life He lives, which, in His experience, derives all its power from above. It is not a metaphysical unity He asserts, it is of life that He speaks. It is a oneness with the Father in doing the Father's business, in doing His will, in working with the Father.'

That is not a Unitarian's gloss. It is the deliberate statement of one of your own clergy: and, in my judgment, it is honest criticism and obvious good sense.

RUSSIAN REBELS.

THE following report of an interview with Prince Kropotkin was printed in 'The Detroit Tribune' a few months ago; but it has a good deal of significance just now;—

Prince Kropotkin is a man of perhaps 50 years, with graying hair and a long, silky black beard, which gives him almost a patriarchal appearance. While only of average height, he walks with an air of dignity which would make him noticeable in any crowd. Seen at Hotel Cadillac, he was most sauve in manner and told the following story:—

'In 1874 I was thrown into prison with a number of others because of our activity in the cause of the people. After two and one-half years in prison I escaped and fled to England, and have since resided in that country. While in France I was thrown into prison through the influence of the Russian Government, but the scientific societies worked so actively in my behalf that I was released.'

'Shortly before my imprisonment in Russia I had delivered a lecture on the glacial period, before the Russian Geological Society, which had attracted some attention, so that the Society interfered in my behalf sufficiently to have me allowed pen, ink and paper. During my term in prison I published the first volume of my work, my brother being allowed to attend to the outside matters.'

'Are you a Socialist, Prince?'

The Prince smiled, shrugged his shoulders and said in a peculiarly soft voice:

'Well anything to help downtrodden humanity.'

'Do you believe in the use of dynamite?' was the next question.

'Oh,' was the reply, 'for twenty-five years have I worked to reduce the violence which is going on in the world.'

'Then you blame the men who have used force in Russia?' was asked.

The kindly eyes, which had until now given wholly the impression of a polished, gentle philanthropist, grew hard as he said:

'I left Russia before the terrorist movement. Yet I know that movement was the natural outcome of a most awful persecution of all who dared to raise a voice against despotism. As an instance of the high-handed methods of the Government, I will say that my companions who were arrested with me remained four years on trial. Finally, the Judges, who were appointed by the Czar and supposed to be completely under his control, sentenced them to a short term in prison, which so enraged the Czar that he arbitrarily increased the sentence, without even the shadow of law to uphold the action.'

'Men lived like hunted things, and to express any idea out of the ordinary was to run the risk of arrest. Many of our best men, leaders in literature and science, men who should have been encouraged as a credit to their country, were

working in the mines in Siberia, while others sought any excuse to leave the country of their birth. Who shall judge such men under such conditions? You whose homes are sacred and who all stand equal before the law may find it easy to criticise. As for me, I prefer to say nothing on the subject.'

'Is Russia improving?' he was asked.

'Well, I think the movement we started so many years ago is bearing fruit. It is now broader, and, while not much is heard of it, it is more widespread. The people do much for education generally, but the Government interferes in everything, and will not permit an educational system along natural science lines, considering it unsafe, and insisting on only the classical courses. We expect very little from the young Czar.'

NOTES BY THE WAY.

SIR A. MILNER AND THE TRANSVAAL. — We thought it was too nice to last. Sir A. Milner, after his pretty protestations of Peace on earth and good-will to the Boers, went to Rhodes' land and glorified him, and has now been to Graaf Reinet, to insult the South African Republic. While professing to disclaim the slightest wish to interfere with the Republic's internal affairs, he slangs it, and almost commands it 'to assimilate its institutions' to certain other States which he names. Is this the way to be at peace with the Boers? and is it anything to wonder at that they go on suspecting —and arming? The fact is, our Jubilee junkers hate this sturdy little Republic.

THIS FATAL LACK OF HUMOUR. — *The Clarion* lately said; 'What Europe most needs is more humour. Were the people but informed with a proper sense of the ridiculous, they would laugh their rulers, their governments, their ruinous armaments, and their crushing burdens of work and misery clean out of existence. For truly their purposeless, profitless, preposterous divisions into hostile classes and nationalities, their scowlings and grimacings and girdings at each other, their substitution of mutually disastrous spites and rivalries for universally beneficent co-operation, and, above all, their astounding pretence of doing all this under the influence of a religion of brotherly love and sacrifice, make up altogether such a prodigious spectacle of sheer imbecility that one cannot but wonder in gazing on it why men strain their wits to construct jests while they themselves are so balmily and perfectly ridiculous.'

We feel this continually, when coming into contact with the amazing people who glorify 'royalty,' adore the 'aristocracy,' dote on soldiers and look with awe upon the millinery and parade of the Church. Where is their sense of humour? But we feel it most when we think of the few braggarts or buffoons, the hucksters or the puppets, who, for the most part, rule Europe. Why does not Europe laugh at them?

MATERNITY SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—We have received a copy of the first Annual Report of this Society, the vital point in it being the announcement that the first Maternity Home will shortly be opened. The people connected with this Society are, for the most part, social reformers and vegetarians; and it is proposed to carry out the work on the lines suggested by that fact. The good women who are, of course, chiefly connected with the undertaking are evidently very much in earnest. The offices are at 6, Southampton Street, Strand, London.

THE DEFILING PROCESS.—The defiling smokers are getting on. Having taught the school boys to be little rowdies, and many women to suck smoke and look impudent; having taken possession of the promenades even at 'health resorts,' and made the streets stink, they are gradually creeping into the Church. We have seen cigarettes and cigars lit in the porch; and have heard of them in the vestry. Courage, O enterprising brothers! At certain Sunday meetings in London, the speakers have already to speak through a cloud of smoke.

AN APPEAL FROM AFAR.—A friend sends us a circular respecting a projected Bazaar at Killinchy (co. Down, Ireland). The object of the Bazaar is to clear off a debt of £166, and to put the Church in a proper state of repair. This Church has a history which, during the past few years, shews great self-help, especially when it is remembered that its congregation is composed entirely of farmers, fishermen and labourers, none of whom are well-off in these hard days for Ireland. Help would be well bestowed. The Bazaar Treasurer is Miss A. C. Barry, Rose Cottage, Lisbane, Comber, Co. Down.

AN UP-TO-DATE QUESTION AND ANSWER.—Teacher (in geography class): 'Johnnie, how is the earth divided?' Johnnie (who reads the foreign news): 'Don't know; I haven't read the papers this morning.'

THE FIGHTING INTERESTS.—In the House of Commons, about one fourth of the members are directly or indirectly connected with the army and navy. Add the court and aristocracy family interests; and many odious things become clear.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

'KINDLY LIGHT IN PRAYER AND PRAISE.' By Pastor Quiet. Germantown, P.A. (U.S.): Swedenborg Publishing Association. We have occasionally seen and greatly admired some of 'Pastor Quiet's' very thoughtful and most dainty meditations in prose and verse, though the 'prose' is quite as poetic as the verse,—and often more so, but for the bits of rhyme that do not really help. In this little book there are xxxiii. of these beautiful and most spiritual meditations or

upliftings of the soul to the all-pervading Presence — the infinite Lover of all. The work glows with a very tender optimism ;—a veritable gem of insight, trust and aspiration.

‘THE GOSPEL OF COMMON SENSE.’ By Stephen Claye. London : Simpkins, Marshall & Co. The writer of this little work hastens to say, in his first paragraph that ‘he no longer considers it an honour to be classed as a Christian.’ He prefers to be known as one who is simply trying to do his duty, and then shies stones at the Church windows. He professes a sweet reasonableness, and at once proceeds to daintily insult and vilify all teachers of religion. He writes with delicate calmness, and dips his pen in scented vitrol. But there are many good things in his queer bundle of odds and ends. They might have been better if his hatred of churches and ministers had been less acute.

‘A THEORY OF LIFE DEDUCED FROM THE EVOLUTION PHILOSOPHY.’ By Sylvan Drey. London : Williams and Norgate. A thoroughly alive and alert Dissertation on the greatest subject of this or any age, embracing as it does the whole question of the advance of civilisation and the consummation of the personal and social ultimate of the human race. The argument is singularly strong, and its unfoldment, though severely intellectual, is almost charmingly interesting. It is immensely helpful to observe how, in the very path in which we are going, and by the operation of laws which are now shaping and directing us, the splendid ideal of a perfect human race will be achieved. Mr. Drey is an ardent follower of Herbert Spencer ; and it is in working out the master’s doctrines that he comes to his optimistic conclusions. We have only one fault to find. He insists too strongly on ‘the unknowable’ and shuts up Religion too strictly to it. It is almost absurd to say, as he does, that ‘Religion concerns itself solely with that which lies outside the domain of knowledge.’ But it is only fair to say that his sphere of ‘the unknowable’ includes ‘the inexplicable origin and the unknowable substance of all things knowable.’ Mr. Drey has also published, through Messrs. Williams & Norgate, a clever summary of Herbert Spencer’s teachings concerning Religion and Morality.

‘DEATH’S CHIEFEST SURPRISE. An Address through the Mediumship of E. W. Wallis, in Cavendish Rooms, London.’ Manchester : Mr. H. Wallis, 164, Broughton Road. In addition to the Address, there are a portrait of the speaker, a curious description of his experiences, and a reprint of Sir Edwin Arnold’s beautiful poem, beginning

‘She is dead,’ they said to him, ‘Come away.’

We commend to our readers this simple and earnest-hearted little work. It sets forth a great deal in a small space. The majority, if it paid any attention to the thing at all, would say ‘The man is intaturated,’ and that would be letting him off easily. For our own part, we believe ‘the man’ is truthful, sensible and perfectly sincere. Any way, his homely discourse has more food for thought in it than scores that have been preached in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul’s.

WE have received two or three numbers of *The Anglo-Russian*, an excellent and deeply interesting monthly. The main objects of the Paper are to expose the iniquities of the present system of government in Russia, to discourage vain attempts at violent revolution, and to promote a better understanding between the Russian and English peoples. It can be had by post at the nominal charge of 1s. 6d. a year, post free.—Apply to Mr. J. F. Spriggs, 21, Paternoster Square, London.

‘OLD AGE PENSIONS.’ By Wm. Birkmyre, ex-M.P. for the Ayr Burghs. Glasgow: Aird and Coghill. A valuable pamphlet on this urgent and almost burning question. The information packed into these few pages is a triumph of full knowledge and ready skill. The solution of the problem is nothing like as difficult as people usually imagine; and considering how much has been said, and how many pledges have been given, it is not creditable that we still

‘Linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.’

EDITH CARRINGTON, in her important pamphlet ‘The Extermination of Birds’ (London: W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, 2d.), and in her telling leaflet, ‘Reasons why we must protect our birds,’ has done us all a service. We recommend our readers to help her and ‘The Humanitarian League,’ by procuring and circulating these publications.

WE have received a militant-looking pamphlet, entitled ‘Jesus is God,’ published at Clevedon. It is all ablaze with texts, treated with every imaginable kind of twist and gloss and extravagant suggestion. We cannot begin to criticise it, but we venture to recommend to the writer of it two small publications:—‘Light for Bible readers’ and ‘The alleged prophecies concerning Jesus Christ in the Old Testament.’ These may be heard of at Messrs. Williams & Norgate.

EVERY DAY WITH THOREAU.

APRIL.

- 1—Public opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinions. What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate. Self-emancipation even in the West Indian provinces of the fancy and imagination,—what Wilberforce is there to bring that about?—*Walden*.
- 2—Truth never turns to rebuke falsehood; her own straightforwardness is the severest correction.—*Week*.
- 3—How often must one feel, as he looks back on his past life, that he has gained a talent—but lost a character. My life

has got down into my fingers. My inspiration at length is only so much breath as I can breathe.—*Spring*.

- 4—The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or, perchance, a palace or temple on the earth, and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a wood-shed with them.—*Diary*.
- 5—What a fine communication from age to age, of the fairest and noblest thoughts, the aspirations of ancient men, even such as were never communicated by speech, is music! It is the flower of language, thought coloured and curved, fluent and flexible, its crystal fountain tinged with the sun's rays, and its purling ripples reflecting the grass and the clouds.—*Week*.
- 6—I am convinced that there is no very important difference between a New Englander's religion and a Roman's. We both worship in the shadow of our sins. They erect the temple for us. Jehovah has no superiority to Jupiter.—*Summer*.
- 7—How can our love increase unless our loveliness increase also? We must securely love each other, as we love God, with no more danger that our love be unrequited or ill-bestowed.
- 8—The strongest wind cannot stagger a spirit; it is a spirit's breath. A just man's purpose cannot be split on any grampus or material rock, but itself will split rocks till it succeeds.—*The Shipwreck*.
- 9—How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed-time of character?—*Diary*.
- 10—Easter Sunday.—The destiny of the soul can never be studied by reason, for the modes of the latter are not ecstatic. In the wisest calculation or demonstration, I but play a game with myself. I am not to be taken captive by myself. I cannot convince myself. God must convince. I can calculate a problem in arithmetic, but not any morality. Virtue is incalculable, as it is inestimable. Man's destiny is but virtue or manhood. It is wholly moral, to be learned only by the life of the soul.—*Spring*.
- 11—On this side of man is the actual, and on the other the ideal. The former is the province of the reason, which is even a divine light when directed upon that, but it cannot reach forward into the ideal without blindness. The moon was made to rule by night, but the sun to rule by day. Reason will be but a pale cloud like the moon when one ray of divine light comes to illumine the soul.—*Spring*.
- 12—It is not enough that we are truthful; we must cherish and carry out high purposes to be truthful about.—*Letter*.
- 13—We do not enjoy poetry fully unless we know it to be poetry.—*Autumn*.
- 14—Of what significance the things you can forget?—*Diary*.
- 15—When the mathematician would solve a difficult problem, he first frees the equation of all encumbrances, and

reduces it to its simplest terms. To simplify the problem of life, distinguish the necessary and the real. Probe the earth to see where your main roots run.—*Letter*.

16—In the long run, men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fail immediately, they had better aim at something high.—*Walden*.

17—Every sacred book successively has been accepted in the faith that it was to be the final resting place of the sojourning soul; but, after all, it was but a caravansary which supplied refreshment to the traveller, and directed him farther on his way to Ispahan or Bagdad.—*Week*.

18—A man cannot wheedle nor overawe his genius. It requires to be conciliated by nobler conduct than the world demands or can appreciate. To the rarest genius it is the most expensive to succumb and conform to the ways of the world. Genius is the worst of lumber if the poet would float upon the breeze of popularity.—*Week*.

19—It is never too late to give up our prejudices. No way of thinking or doing, however ancient, can be trusted without proof.—*Walden*.

20—In what concerns you much, do not think that you have companions; know that you are alone in the world.—*Letter*.

21—I am wont to think that men are not so much the keepers of herds as herds are the keepers of men, the former are so much the freer.—*Walden*.

22—We never see any beauty, but as the garment of some virtue.—*Autumn*.

23—What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or, rather, indicates, his fate.—*Walden*.

24—All fables have their morals; but the innocent enjoy the story. Let nothing come between you and the light. Respect men as brothers only. When you travel to the Celestial City, carry no letters of introduction. When you knock, ask to see God—none of the servants.—*Letter*.

25—It is vastly easier to discover than to see when the cover is off.—*Autumn*.

26— Be but thy inspiration given,
 No matter through what danger sought,
 I'll fathom hell or climb to heaven,
 And yet esteem that cheap which love has bought.
 —*Inspiration*.

27—Men cannot conceive of a state of things so fair that it cannot be realised.—*Letter*.

28—He who lives according to the highest law is in one sense lawless. That is an unfortunate discovery, certainly, that of a law which binds us where we did not know that we were bound.—*Spring*.

29—If to chaffer and higgle are bad in trade, they are much worse in love. It demands directness as of an arrow.—*Letter*.

30—Associate reverently, and as much as you can, with your loftiest thoughts. Each thought that is welcomed and recorded is a nest-egg by the side of which another will be laid.—*Diary*.